

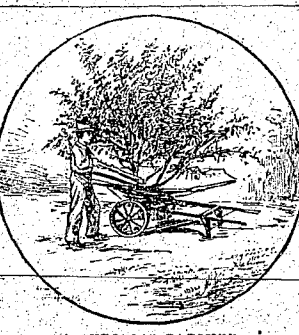
# FARMER'S CORNER

## Plants Poisonous to Animals.

The bulletin from the Montana Experiment Station gives a list of fourteen species of plants which are known or strongly suspected of poisoning animals. Among them are the lupines, which killed 100 out of 200 sheep fed on hay, and in 1898 some 2,000 sheep from eating ripe lupine on the range. The trouble seems to be in the ripe or nearly ripe seed. The purple and dark purple lupine killed 40 cattle in the Gallatin Valley when other plants were covered with snow; acornite, water hemlock and nightshade have proved poisonous to both man and beast. In 1898, a dairyman had a field of oats so badly smutted that he cut them for hay instead of letting the grain ripen. Out of 30 cows which were given one feed of it, 12 died within 18 hours having both gastric and cerebral trouble. Ergot on native grasses is claimed to have killed a number of horses in from six to eight hours, the muscles of the throat being paralyzed first, and then the whole body paralyzed. Strychnine and whisky seem to be the only remedy having effect. It is better to avoid feeding ergot or smut on any grass or grain.—Exchange.

## How to Catch the Curculio.

A Kansas experiment station bulletin says that the curculio has been controlled successfully by jarring the trees in early morning and collecting the insects in the curculio catcher. The can



A CURCULIO CATCHER.

below the canvas into which the insects fall is partially filled with kerosene. A sheet with the seam ripped half the length to permit its being readily played around the tree is a cheap and effective substitute for the catcher here figured. When the sheet is used, the insects should be collected in another receptacle after jarring each tree.

## Start Horses Slowly.

When the horse has been fed and is taken out to work, it should be started in to labor rather easily to get the most work at the least inconvenience to the horse. The reason for this is not hard to find. It is simply that during the feeding time the organs are getting themselves into condition for digestion and are possibly even digesting the feed. A large quantity of blood is called away from the vessels about the stomach. This blood must all be withdrawn when the horse begins to work and be supplied to the muscular organs where it is most needed. This change cannot be done all at once. It requires a little time for the blood to reach the physical demands. If the blood has time to make the change by moderate starting all will be well. If not, then there is a temporary exhaustion from which it may require hours to recover entirely.

## Destructive English Sparrows.

A paper published in New South Wales, Australia, tells how farmers destroy English sparrows out there. They make a double coop and put one or more fowls or chickens in one compartment, leaving the other empty. When feeding they scatter a little wheat in the empty compartment, which is soon found by the sparrows. After about a week they soak the wheat in vinegar and sugar. After the sparrows become accustomed to this they add a little strychnine to the vinegar and sugar, and allow the wheat to soak about twelve hours, then dry it and scatter it in the empty coop. One or two grains is enough to finish any sparrow, and if it is given every day at the same place in the same way, and dead birds removed if any die in the coop, hundreds of them may be destroyed, but if the dead are left it may frighten away the others.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

## Cover Clover.

Clover hay can always be prevented by keeping the cattle off the clover while it is wet with rain or dew. The usual cause of death when an animal is bloated is congestion of the lungs from pressure of the stomach against them. The flesh of such an animal should be darker in color than the stomach, and the blood in the small vessels than the blood in the animal's body. I do not believe it would poison any one to eat the flesh of such animals. The best remedy for clover bloat is to make an opening in the upper part of the left flank with a pocketknife and thrust the fingers into the opening. Then the gas will escape at the sides of the finger. Or use some hollow tube to put into the opening.

## On All the Peach Trees.

We have been re-reading the prophecy of Mr. C. Wood Davis, issued about ten years ago, in which he said that as in 1888 the United States exported enough of grain, hay and cotton to supply 6,700 people in other countries, and in 1900 enough to supply 10,000, and in 1920 enough to supply 20,000, we should have to buy food and cotton for 20,000,000 of our own people at home, and in 1925 enough for 50,000,000. We said then that we had no faith in his prophecies, and that we believed the cultivation of some of the then unimproved land and better methods of production would enable us to feed and clothe our population and have a surplus for other nations not only in 1920, but for many a decade after that. We are thankful that we have lived to find that in 1920 our exports of agricultural products not only grain, hay and cotton, but many other

things have not decreased in value or amount below the amount we sent out in 1885 and 1890, but have made a handsome increase, and it will yet be many years before all our available land will be filled or grazed, and many more before we shall have reached our largest capacity of production. The average crops as reported by the last census are far from being one-half, and are scarcely one-third of what good farmers call a good crop. Figures are deceiving sometimes.—New England Homestead.

## Cabbages as Stock Food.

The value of the cabbage as food for stock may be summed up as follows: In two points, the large amount that can be grown upon an acre of soil and its succulence, which makes it a milk-producing food easily digested. But it requires strong soil and good cultivation, does not keep well for winter use unless pitted where it will be frozen until spring, and even then having but a short season, while it stumps and any decayed leaves are fed it is almost impossible to prevent it imparting a rank, unpleasant flavor to the milk and butter, or even to the meat, unless its use is discontinued two or three weeks before the slaughtering. As regards the nutritive value Professor Johnston in Agricultural Chemistry estimated seventy pounds of cabbage to have about the same value as four pounds of oil cake, twelve pounds of pea straw, sixteen pounds of clover hay, twenty pounds of meadow hay, 110 pounds of oat straw or 120 pounds of turnips. This last we think he bases upon the flat or English turnip, which are not as nutritious as the rutabaga. The value of the cabbages, as of the roots, is best found when a small amount is given along with coarse, dry fodder and a limited amount of grain.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

## The Hessian Fly.

A correspondent of the National Stockman tells how he avoids trouble from the Hessian in his wheat fields. He prepares his ground for sowing, and then waits till he sees the fly about. Then he drills in his wheat. As the flies all swarm at once, and only last four days, they have all perished before his wheat is up, and he suffers no damage, and averages much better crops than his neighbors. We do not know whether this habit of all coming out at once and perishing in four days is true of it every year, or peculiar to them in Ohio. We never saw or heard it mentioned before, but if true it should be generally known.

## Wide Tires and Good Roads.

At the Missouri Agricultural College, they found by actual test that on blue grass sward the same draft that pulled two thousand pounds on a wagon with one and a half inch tires would pull a load of 3,248 pounds on a wagon with three-inch tires. The narrow tires cut ruts that could be seen all the season, and if running down a hill might be well adapted to start a gully or ditch in which the fertility of the surface soil would wash away, while the three inch tire with the heavier load made no marked impression on the sward land.

## Feeding Swine.

One can begin to feed silage from the top of the silo as soon as cutting ceases, or the material may be left until needed in winter time, says Breeder's Gazette. The silo should be arranged to have such diameter that from an inch and a half to two inches of silage will be fed off the top each day. If less than this amount is fed off, trouble may arise from the exposed silage starting to heat and mold. If so much as an inch and a half or two inches is fed off daily, then the silage material at the surface is always fresh and in good condition.

## A Cause of Inbreeding.

Inbreeding is one thing that has prevented many farmers from making a success. This is not practiced because there is any special desire to do so, but because of neglect on the part of many. The matter is not given the attention when it should be, and when it is called to mind it is too late to get breeders then, and another year of inbreeding is practiced. This is one reason, and another is due to the fact that it costs more to get good males from abroad than it does to select a few of the best in the flock for that purpose.—Iowa Homestead.

## Black Tongue in Cattle.

Black tongue is one of the forms of anthrax. The tongue turns black, and the animal dies in a few hours. It is contagious and infectious and is incurable, and all carcasses should be burned. If it appears in a herd of stock, the wall ones should be vaccinated with anthrax vaccine and not blackleg vaccine.

## When Hogs are Sick.

Whenever a hog seems to be sick, it should be separated from the well ones and a rigid examination made to find the cause. Then the cause should be removed. In case of infectious disease this process should be reversed and the well ones removed.

## Notes About Fruit.

In the market buyers sometimes prefer small but fully ripened strawberries to larger ones picked too green. The grape is considered the most healthful of all fruits. Every one who has a garden, a yard or a wall can grow grapes. In starting a young orchard look after the trees often, and wherever a limb is found crossing another limb cut it out.

## Plum Trees should be Sprayed.

Plum trees should be sprayed with Bordeaux mixture, and it should be weaker than for apples, or it will burn the foliage. Apple, pear and plum trees should be planted in every portion of the yard. They will afford shade for the fowls and the poultry will destroy many insects. Plum trees do not generally require as much pruning as apple trees. Pruning should be done as early in the spring as possible, before the sap starts. There is no section of country where some variety of every kind of fruit will not do well. Experiment with fruit until you find varieties suited to your locality. Most plums should be picked for market a few days before they are thoroughly ripe. Even for home use they are better just before they are perfectly ripe.—German Town Telegraph.

# MICHIGAN MATTERS.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK CONCISELY CONDENSED.

### Statistics of the G. A. R., Yellowed Menace Peach Crop—Wealthy Mine Owner Shoots Found Master—Poison in Gift of Peaches—Ch. Thren Burn to Death.

The reports of the condition of the Department of Michigan, Grand Army of the Republic, for the six months ending July 1, 1901, have been sent to national headquarters from the Lansing office by the assistant adjutant general, who is now gratified at the fine showing. The number reported as active members is 11,632. The number on the roll as in arrears for dues is 2,326. Seven posts failed to report, probably through negligence. They represent 137 members, which number if added to the number reported would have shown 14,759 active, as against 14,500 reported Dec. 31, 1900, making a total gain of 259. The number of deaths was 227. The number of members of new recruits during the term was 235, giving an appearance of the continuance of that same spirit which moved the veterans when they were on the firing line, that of filling up the gaps made by the storm of battle. There were two new posts organized and three rechartered, while six posts surrendered their charters and the members went into other posts. There are 371 posts in the department, against 375 in January last. The financial condition of posts as shown by their reports is very good. In cash there is in the general fund \$10,075.43, and the total fund \$13,775.47. The amount of post dues reported as owing by posts is \$20,018.05 (estimated value). The total value of post room property is \$43,104.42, making a total of reported post assets of \$84,573.95.

### Peach Crop in Peril.

The slaughter of peach trees that are found to be afflicted with the "yellow" has been taken up in earnest by the peach growers of Berrien County, and it is evident that the peach shipments will be greatly affected by this disease, besides the loss of many fine orchards. The Peach Growers' Association, in only two miles square, an estimate made by Messrs. Rodney and Irving Pearl, the commissioners, shows that the trees cut down will lessen the peach crop in that section at least to the amount of 7,000 bushels. It is feared among many peach growers that the sweep of the "yellow" will be such that the orchards of that section were completely wiped out, will be revealed.

### Gets Poison in Peaches.

When Mrs. Clara Wendell went to the door of her home in Battle Creek the other morning she found tied to the door knob outside a small paper bag containing two peaches. Attached to it was a note reading: "Expressly for Clara." She ate the peaches and afterward was taken to the hospital, where she suffered with spasms, showing indications of strychnine poisoning. The police investigated the matter and arrested a man on suspicion. He had been paying some attention to the woman, but had quarreled with her.

### Fatal Dispute Over a Cow.

Inspector Joseph L. Coffey, of Crystal Falls, police, is investigating the case of a fatal dispute over a cow. The cow, owned by one of the best known mining men in the upper peninsula, and is said to be worth \$200,000. He was arrested.

### Children Burned to Death.

Two little girls, aged 3 and 4 years, daughters of George Simmons, were burned to death at Manvela. They were left with two other boys in the house, which in some unknown manner caught fire. The boys escaped and gave the alarm, but assistance arrived too late to save the girls. The house and everything in it was burned.

### State News in Brief.

Alcona farmers are raising many acres of seed peas for New York parties. Thomas Miller of Haynes got forty loads of hay weighing thirty tons from a ten-acre field. Charles Anderson of Tahont, while hunting, was killed by the accidental discharge of his shotgun. About 350,000 feet of hemlock logs belonging to H. K. Gustaf of Alpena, burned at Detroit and Mackinac.

### Fire Destroyed the Belgian City of Mills.

In Essexville, together with eight cars of clothing ready for shipment. The fire caught in the dry kiln. The property loss is \$30,000, with \$20,000 insurance.

### During a severe electrical storm.

The ferry steamer Onondaga, while on her regular trip to Elk Rapids, discovered an overturned boat in Traverse Bay, about one-half mile off her regular course. Glasses developed the fact that the boat was a lifeboat from a ship which had been wrecked. The vessel was one just purchased by Chicago parties and was on its trial trip, with five young ladies and two gentlemen on board. The party had rounded Old Mission Point and started to tack back in a head wind when they were capsized, and for three hours clinging to the overturned hull. The bodies were stiff and rigid from exposure when rescued.

### The Chicago and Northwestern Railway.

The Chicago and Northwestern Railway roundhouse at Chicago burned. One engine, which pulls freight trains 50 and 51, was burned there and was buried. The A. C. Hook block, in process of construction at Holland, collapsed and four masons were seriously injured. Lee Smith perhaps fatally. The loss is about \$1,000.

### Food Destroyed, a prominent New Haven farmer.

Food Destroyed, a prominent New Haven farmer, accidentally fell from a load of lumber which he was hauling home from Orono. The year which passed over his head, crushing him to death instantly. He leaves a wife and three children.

### Dogs Made a Raid on Sheep in the vicinity of Orono.

Dogs Made a Raid on Sheep in the vicinity of Orono, where a few nights ago, their taste for choice sheep was gratified. It was carried away so quickly that the loss to the township about \$200. It is said the sheep were not killed.

### Miss Laura B. Bloom, a few years ago.

Miss Laura B. Bloom, a few years ago, lady principal at Hillsdale College, has been engaged as one of the women's department of the Agricultural College at a salary of \$1,000.

### Another oil well is being drilled near Abbottsford.

The dates for the Menominee County Fair are Sept. 4, 5 and 6.

### A cattle ranch is to be started on the plains near Hubbard Lake.

Another large stock farm is being erected at Perry. The cattle already has two.

### The Danish stove works opened at Lapeer Aug. 15, with about forty employees.

The temperance people of Gratiot County have begun a campaign for local option.

### The Battle Creek Cereal Co. has filed articles, capital \$255,000, to manufacture cereal food products.

The erection of the Lake Shore Portland cement factory at Battle Creek will be commenced this summer.

### The experiment of using oil to lay the dust on the streets is to be made at Grand Rapids in the near future.

A young man aged about 20, supposed to be Frank Wheeler of Howell City, was killed by the cars at Allegan.

### The reunion of the Calhoun County Soldiers' and Sailors' Battalion will be held at Albion on Aug. 28 and 29.

Work is being pushed on the Egyptian Cement Co.'s building at Ponton. It expects to commence business Jan. 1.

### During September the Oswego Manufacturing Co. will distribute \$2,000 among employees who have worked in the factory two years or more.

The Manitowish Iron works was burned, and the loss is estimated at \$50,000, with insurance at two-thirds. The plant was the largest in northern Michigan.

### Gilbert W. Phillips, of Hindsville, was thrown under the wheels while trying to board a moving train at Grand Rapids, and was dead when picked up.

Aug. 29 and 30 have been selected as the dates for the second annual reunion of the Clinton County Soldiers' and Sailors' Association, which will be held at St. Johns.

### By an explosion of gas at the furnaces of the Antrim Iron Company at Muskegon a workman named Vincent was killed and another named John Strahl seriously injured.

Many of the earnings facilities about the State have been compelled to shut down on account of the scarcity of berries, and will not resume operations until peaches begin to come in.

### Kleptomaniacs are becoming a bad at Marquette. In fact, so much so that the merchants have about lost all patience and threaten to have the next person caught at it arrested and prosecuted for stealing.

The body of an old man about 60 years of age was discovered floating in Grand river at Lansing. The body had been in the river not more than a few hours. It is believed to be that of an old man named Neller, who is reported missing.

### The dead body of Leon Stinton, of Kalamazoo, was found June 6 near Wetaskiwin, Alberta, Canada. Everything in connection with the discovery points to murder, and "But" Stinton is suspected of the crime. Stinton was 18 years of age.

While stopping on the ferry at Ottawa Beach, Mrs. A. L. Wegmann, of St. Louis, dropped her valuable purse containing valuable jewelry and \$2,000 in money into the lake. A diver from the life-saving station recovered it after six hours' search.

### Henry L. L'Honnelle, son of Superintendent L'Honnelle of the Michigan Central Railway and a freshman in the engineering department of the university.

was instantly killed at Ann Arbor while riding in the Grand Rapids express on the Michigan Central.

### Asa Convis, aged 48 years, attempted suicide at his home in Battle Creek. He was found by a servant lying on the floor of an upstairs room bleeding from terrible gashes in the throat, inflicted with a razor. The windpipe had been nearly severed and the jugular vein was missed by the smallest margin. Dependence on alcohol, and excessive and excessive drinking are said to be the cause of the deed.

Henry Sabie of Laketon township is confronted with the problem of how to get rid of a divorced wife. Last February he received a decree of divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty. He gave his ex-wife money to go east to her friends, but some time ago she came back and insisted upon living with him. The officer of the law is now Sheriff Payne and Prosecuting Attorney Cross and asked for relief from the presence of his divorced wife, who, he said, still held the scepter of power in his domestic life. The authorities could not help him out.

### Charles Bell, a farmer and a devoted Christian Scientist of Parma, yielded up his life as a sacrifice to his belief. So thoroughly had he become imbued with his principles that he doubted the power of drugs on the accused of man over his body. He brooded over the subject constantly until, it is thought, his mind became unbalanced. He constantly talked about his faith to his friends, who bawled him in return till he finally avowed his willingness to demonstrate the truth of his doctrines with a practical test upon his own person. He believed that his life could not end, therefore would not be cut short by any power except that which created it. He made the first test by taking twenty-four grains of morphine. His stomach refused to retain the overdose and his confidence was all the more strengthened. Emboldened by what seemed to him his success, he next ate a large quantity of opium. After eating a hearty dinner he went into the yard and, coolly lighting a cigar, placed the weapon to his head and fired. Death was instantaneous.

### A shooting affair took place at Chesaning that may have quite a long story to it. Dr. A. L. Bailey, shot Alexander Scratch three times as the latter was entering his office. Only the first shot took effect, striking Scratch in the right wrist, the other two did not.

### One of the buildings of the old Gifford plaster mills at Grand Rapids was struck by lightning, set on fire and totally destroyed. The loss is about \$15,000, with no insurance.

At Battle Creek Mrs. Chas. Ware was fatally burned by a gasoline stove flaring up and setting fire to her clothing. Her 19-year-old daughter Loh was also badly burned, but will recover.

### The outlook for the cherry crop in St. Clair and the neighboring counties is first class. The acreage is little if any larger than last year, but the farmers are taking better care of the plants.

### From the county poor-house in Michigan the sudden change which fortune has brought Mrs. M. J. North of St. Joseph. A few weeks ago she entered the county poor-house, and now she is the wife of a wealthy man.

### The other day she left the institution to share the inheritance of \$20,000 with her son and daughter.

### August Olson fell from the top of the Northwestern company's ore dock No. 1 into the hold of the steamer William Fairclough at Escanaba and died from his injuries a few hours later. The vessel was carrying away 80,000 tons of iron ore. Olson was the only person on the dock. He fell a distance of sixty-five feet.

### A Democratic contemporary says "manufacturers and trust leaders like Elihu of New York have advocated municipal reductions of the tariff." This will remind the reader of the fact that Haremyer of sugar trust industry attempted to throw the blame for the

# A SPLENDID SHOWING

## AMERICA COMPARED WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD.

### In Wealth, Production and Consumption of the United States, with Five Per Cent of the Population, Equals One-Half of the Rest of Mankind.

A comparison of the United States with the rest of the world as regards annual production, consumption, population, wealth and many other items, relating to the question of comparative prosperity, shows some remarkable facts. With less than 5 per cent of the population and only 7 per cent of the area, yet in many ways we equal or surpass all the rest of the world combined, and taken as a whole, we are equal to one-half of all the remainder of mankind besides ourselves. We equal or surpass all the rest of the world in corn, cotton, eggs, petroleum, leather products, copper and forest products. We produce two-thirds as much as the rest of the world in coal, pig-iron, steel, three-fifths of the total food and agricultural products, and manufactures, one-half as much in silk.

### Comparison of Present Status, Annual Production, Consumption, Etc., Between United States and Rest of the World.

Figures are approximate. Where possible, official, or last fiscal or calendar year. Where last annual figures are abnormal an average is taken of recent years.

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Comparison of Present Status, Annual		
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tween United States		
and the Rest of the World.		
Figures are approximate. Where		
reliable authorities, dating Jan. 1, 1914,		
show annual figures are abnormal in		
1914.		
Status and commodity.	United States.	World.
Population	100,000,000	1,600,000,000
Area, square miles	3,600,000	52,000,000
Wealth	\$100,000,000,000	\$300,000,000,000
Gold production	\$80,000,000	\$320,000,000
Stock of gold	\$1,000,000,000	\$4,411,000,000
Silver production	\$20,000,000	\$200,000,000
Stock of silver	\$600,000,000	\$3,820,000,000
Wheat production, bu.	2,000,000,000	5,000,000,000
Wheat consumption, bu.	1,000,000,000	2,500,000,000
Oats production, bu.	1,000,000,000	3,000,000,000
Oats consumption, bu.	1,000,000,000	3,000,000,000
Rye production, bu.	100,000,000	1,000,000,000
Barley production, bu.	700,000,000	1,800,000,000
Hay production, tons	250,000,000	500,000,000
Potato production, tons	4,000,000,000	10,000,000,000
Hops production, bales	1,000	1,000
Butter and cheese, tons	20,000,000	20,000,000
Eggs	10,000,000,000	10,000,000,000
Cotton production, bales	13,500,000	13,500,000
Cotton consumption, bales	13,500,000	13,500,000
Wool production, lbs.	200,000,000	2,000,000,000
Wool consumption, lbs.	200,000,000	2,000,000,000
Spindles in operation	10,000,000	10,000,000
Number of looms	10,000,000	10,000,000
Number of mill races	62,000	62,000
Sugar production, tons	2,000,000	5,500,000
Sugar consumption, tons	2,000,000	5,500,000
Coffee consumption, lbs.	700,000,000	1,700,000,000
Tea consumption, lbs.	55,000,000	450,000,000
Food production, tons	10,000,000,000	10,000,000,000
Food consumption, tons	10,000,000,000	10,000,000,000
Agreement, tons	10,000,000,000	10,000,000,000
Leather and products	\$300,000,000	\$1,000,000,000
Fur products, tons	1,000,000	1,000,000
Forest area, acres	100,000,000	1,000,000,000
Forest products	\$300,000,000	\$300,000,000
Beer production, gallons	6,500,000,000	6,500,000,000
Wine production, gallons	1,000,000,000	1,000,000,000
Petroleum product, gallons	5,000,000,000	5,000,000,000
Copper production, tons	300,000	700,000
Iron ore, tons	90,000,000	90,000,000
Pig iron, tons	15,000,000	40,000,000
Steel, tons	10,000,000	20,000,000
Steam, horsepower	70,000,000	70,000,000
Manufactures	\$40,000,000,000	\$40,000,000,000
Electricity, kilowatt hours	200,000,000	200,000,000
Spent for public education	\$500,000,000	\$500,000,000
Life insurance in force	\$18,000,000,000	\$18,000,000,000
Savings bank deposits	\$1,000,000,000	\$1,000,000,000
Shipping, tonnage	30,000,000	30,000,000
Revenue	\$5,000,000,000	\$5,000,000,000
Exports	\$1,000,000,000	\$1,000,000,000
Imports	\$1,000,000,000	\$1,000,000,000
Debt	\$1,000,000,000	\$1,000,000,000
Commercial value, coling value	\$1,000,000,000	\$1,000,000,000
(a) Average recent years.		



Accommodation, Pp. 12.00	M.	3.40 p
<b>GOING SOUTH.</b>		
<b>AR. AT RAY CITY.</b>		
Detrol Express, . . . . .	1.00 M.	5.45 p
N. Y. Express, . . . . .	1.00 M.	5.10 p
Accommodation, . . . . .	6.00 M.	6.50 A
<b>LEWISTON, REAR.</b>		
Accommodation, . . . . .	6.00 M.	Reg., 1.45 P.
<b>O. W. RIGGLES.</b>		
A. W. CAMPBELL	GEN. PASS. AGENT.	
<b>Local Agent.</b>		







## AHEAD OF COLUMBUS.

### BUDDHISTS VISITED THIS CONTINENT IN FIFTH CENTURY.

Professor Fryer, of the University of California, is responsible for this. The evidence is documentary—Ancient Record Still Preserved in China.

Prof. Fryer of the University of California brings to light new evidence tending to prove that Buddhist priests discovered America 1,000 years before the sailing of Columbus. "The evidence is both documentary and substantial," says Harper's Monthly.

Of the evidence of early Chinese documents, Prof. Fryer says:

"The narrative states that there was a Buddhist priest named Hui Shen, originally a native of Cabul, who, in the year 499 A. D., during the reign of the Emperor Yang Yuan, came from the country of Fusang to Kingchow, the capital of the dynasty of Tsai, situated on the River Yangtze. The country being in a state of revolution, it was not till the year 502 that he had an opportunity of going to the court of the Emperor Wu Ti, of the new Liang dynasty. He gave presents to the Emperor of curious articles brought from Fusang, among which was a material looking like silk, but the threads of which could support a great weight without breaking. This was evidently the fiber of the Mexican agave. He also presented a mirror of a foot in diameter, possessing wonderful properties, and resembling those in use in Mexico and other localities in America at that time. The Emperor treated him as an envoy from Fusang, and deputed one of the four principal feudal lords, named Yu Kie, to interrogate him respecting the country, and to take down his story in writing. This was accordingly done, and we have what is undoubtedly the original text, with only perhaps here and there a typographical error which can be easily explained.

"Among other things, Hui Shen said that the people of Fusang were formerly in ignorance of the doctrines of Buddha, but during the reign of the Chinese Emperor Ming, of the Sung dynasty, or A. D. 420, there were five Buddhist monks, from Cabul, who traveled there and promulgated the knowledge of the doctrines, books and images of Buddhism. Their labors were successful, so that they obtained monies from among the natives, and thus the customs and manners of the people were soon reformed. He gave particulars of the journey through the Aleutian Islands and Alaska, with the length of the route and a description of the inhabitants. He described the country of Fusang as 20,000 li, or 8,000 miles, to the east of Kamschatka, and also due east from China. It grows great numbers of fusing trees, which, when they first appear above ground, are like bamboo shoots, and the people eat them. Threads are spun from the skin of the plant, which are woven into cloth from which clothing is made, or else it is made into embroidery. They also use the fibrous material of the fusing for making paper. These and many other features seem to point unmistakably to the Mexican agave. Red pears are mentioned, which agree in description with the fruit of the prickly pear, while grapes are represented as plentiful. There is plenty of copper, but no iron, and no money value is put on gold or silver. Their markets are free and there are no fixed prices.

"The manners and customs of the people, their forms of government, their marriage and funeral ceremonies, their food and clothing, the method of constructing their houses, the absence of soldiers and military weapons, cities and fortresses, are all particularly noted, and agree with what is found in no country bordering on the Pacific, except on the continent of America. In general, and in Mexico in particular. To suppose that Hui Shen could have invented all these statements; and that his story can be satisfactorily explained upon any other theory than that he had actually made the journey which he so truthfully and soberly describes is, to say the least of it, absurd."

### LIFE OF THE PHILIPPINE GIRL.

She Arrives Early to Attend to Religion and Household Duties.

The life lived by the Philippine is not an intricate life, says Ramon Reyes-Lata in the Ledger Monthly. Nor is Philippine etiquette the highly involved system that is found in the old and artificial society of western lands. I do not know that I can better describe it than by following a society young lady of Manila through the ordinary events of one day's existence. It may interest American women to know how their sisters beyond the seas pass their lives.

The day of the fair Filipino is a long one. With her there is no lazy rising to a 9 o'clock coffee and toast. She is usually up with the sun, not later than 6, and, if very religious, as early as 4, that she may attend early mass. Breakfast is set early, about 6 o'clock. Then come the morning duties of the household, sewing, washing, cooking, or whatever there may be, for our young lady is not expected to spend her days in idleness. The midday meal is taken at 12 o'clock, in order that the warmest hours of the day may be the hours of rest. About two hours are thus spent in the enjoyment of the siesta, when our lady, refreshed and ready for the later pleasures of the day.

At 4 o'clock the "afternoon tea" is served. This is a light repast, usually consisting of chocolate, with rice and cakes, or other simple viands. Then, at the hour of 5:30 or 6 o'clock, the carriage is brought out and the daily ride taken to the Luneta, the beautiful park on the bay south of the city. Here the military band—discreet—sweet—musical every evening, and the beauty and fashion of Manila meet and enjoy the evening air and melodious strains. Returning from the drive about 7 o'clock, the evening meal, or supper, comes next in order, after which our belle of Manila is free for any mode of spending the evening hours that may appeal to her; perhaps a friendly visit, a trip to the theater or opera, or an "at home" to receive callers. Early as she arose bedtime often comes late, and no hours more than nature demands are spent in the enjoyment of slumber. Going to rest, however, is different there and

## WINNER OF \$40,000 OKLAHOMA HOMESTEAD.



The name of Miss Hattie H. Beals of Wichita, Kan., was the second announced in the drawing for homesteads in the Lawton district of Oklahoma, and she was thereby entitled to the second best claim in the district, estimated to be worth \$40,000. Miss Beals is 23 years old and is an operator in the telephone exchange at Wichita. She already has received a number of marriage proposals, but would-be suitors will get nothing but disappointment, for Miss Beals is engaged to be married to Ernest Dill, a street car conductor of Kansas City. When she was informed of her good luck in the drawing she wired to Washington and asked whether she could be married to Dill and retain her land. When told that she could not until she had proven up her claim she decided to let the marriage wait and will settle down on the land with her mother. She filed her name for the drawing while on a visit to Oklahoma.

here. Ladies, even of the highest social rank, do not sleep in a bedstead, but prefer the floor, lying on a petate, or mat, which is provided with a long bolster or pillow and covered with the conventional mosquito netting.

### J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

The Great Central Figure in the Big Steel Strike.

J. Pierpont Morgan, the great central figure of the steel strike, received his early education in finance in London and through an intimate connection with the famous Peabody banking house. He made acquaintances and friends at that time since of powerful influence for him. He was born



J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

wealthy, and when he succeeded to his father's estate he had an intimate alliance with the Drexels of Philadelphia, which added to the strength and fame of his own name. He is popularly supposed to control more invested capital and more free money than any living man, not excepting the Rothschilds. The railroad interests which are now in his care represent nearly \$1,000,000,000 in capital. Mr. Morgan is a big man, physically very chimney with intimates, but reserved before the world. He is passionately fond of yachting, rare books and rarer paintings.

### TOO MUCH FAULTY ENGLISH.

People Have Grown Careless in Their Rhetoric—Some Familiar Errors.

The books of rhetoric used to tell us that the great qualities of style were perspicuity, energy and elegance, or clearness, force and grace, and that as a means toward these and for other reasons it was important to be concise, to avoid needless words. Whether they no longer teach thus, or their pupils disregard their instructions, you can scarcely read a page or a column anywhere without meeting words that add nothing to others with which they are immediately connected. Thus:

Thought to himself. How else should he think? If he thought aloud you would have to say so. Either he "said to himself"—which is another way of putting it—or he simply "thought."

Nodded his head. If he had nodded his legs or his elbows the case would be more notable. He might properly "shake his head," for he could shake other things; but in the present state of language one can nod no other part of himself or of creation than his head.

Together with. If John went to town with his wife they went together; if

they went together he was necessarily with her.

Month of May, summer season, etc. Everybody knows that May is a month and summer a season.

Rose up. If people were in the habit of rising down, or if it were possible to do so, this would not be tautological.

It will not do to say that these specimens abound in the best writers, and are therefore justifiable. They are not the best writers when they write in this way, through pure carelessness, for they know better. Homer, sometimes, nods, but his nodding did not produce the "Iliad." We want to follow the best writers in their excellencies, not in their errors.—Frederick M. Bird in Literary Era.

### A BROKEN HEART.

Being the Narration of a Wonderful Tale of Golf and a Hawk.

I should like to narrate the following which is mostly true. Some years ago, I was playing in a match in India, Bangalore vs. Madras, when a hawk suddenly swooped down on my ball and carried it off in its claws. I appealed to my adversary to allow me to search for another ball, but he was one of our canny brethren, and replied: "Oh, no, no, lost ball, lost hole." This did not admit of argument. Some weeks afterward I went for a walk before breakfast, and climbing a rocky eminence to see the view, I came across a hawk's nest, and by it a dead hawk, and in the nest—my golf ball; both the hawk and the ball were quite warm. I sent the hawk to the curator of the museum, and asked for a post mortem; his verdict was "a broken heart," and on my telling him the story he had no doubt that the poor bird had expired in its vain effort to hatch out my "silver-town."—London Globe.

### Rarely Attractive.

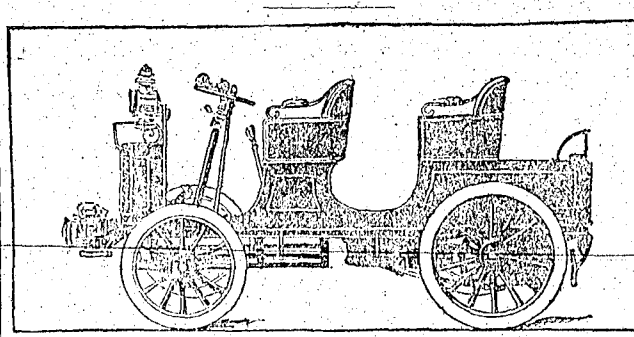
Conscription claims a large share of the adult population of Portugal, and the women do a good deal of field work. They begin at a very early age, and do it well and happily, doubling the actual work power of the country; and they show great happiness and content amidst it all. Fond of show and ornament, they have a better apparent stamina than the corresponding classes in Scandinavia, or even in Switzerland. They "feed" better than in those countries; at a small farm house you may get neither white bread nor ham, but the split codfish, as in Iceland, is never wanting, and is well dressed up at short notice. It is impossible to travel in Portugal without having this national dish thrust upon you; it needs an acquired taste, and is rarely attractive to the ordinary palate till after fuller acquaintance, and the excellent cause of hunger to go with it.

### Tall Men in the Scots Guards.

There are ninety men in the Scots guards averaging 6 feet 2½ inches in height. Not one is under 6 feet and twelve are 6 feet 4 inches.

We don't know what is meant by artistic temperament unless it means that the girl having it picks out a switch that matches her hair.

## KING EDWARD'S MAGNIFICENT NEW MOTOR.

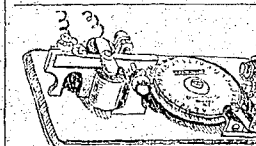


King Edward's latest motor car is one of the finest vehicles of its kind yet built. Unlike most motor cars, it is remarkable for the neatness and elegance of its appearance, and, though substantially built, it is comparatively light. It is a sort of motor phaeton, having seating accommodation for half a dozen persons, one beside the driver on the front seat, a couple on the middle seat, and a box for two footmen at the back. This is not by any means the first motor car the King has had made for him; for, like the King of the Belgians, his majesty takes a keen interest in horseless carriages, and has had two built for him previously. This latest motor car, however, will mark something of a new departure, for the King intends to take regular rides in it in Hyde Park.—London Daily Express.

## THE OMNIGRAPH.

An Instrument Which Simplifies Instruction in Telegraphy.

An instrument which is designed to simplify instruction in telegraphy, and to impart in a comparatively short time a complete knowledge of the Morse alphabet, has recently been introduced by a company in New York city. Patents have been applied for. The Omnigraph, as the instrument is called, consists of a baseboard on which are secured an ordinary key and sounder, between which a disk is mounted, formed on its periphery with teeth. A spring contact adjacent to the wheel engages the peripheral teeth of the disk. Although irregular, the arrangement of the teeth is arbitrary. For if the disk be rotated by means of a small crank-shaft geared with the disk-shaft, the spring contact is forced outwardly by the teeth, but drops back by its own elasticity, and thus makes and breaks the circuit. The experienced telegraph operator detecting these makes and breaks at the sounder, recognizes them as the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet. A close inspection of the disk would reveal to him that the teeth are so arranged as to spell the sentence, "John quickly exchanged five low bags." If the disk be rotated forwardly, this sentence,



THE OMNIGRAPH.

thus oddly worded to include every letter in the alphabet, is ticked off at the sounder; if rotated in the opposite direction, the sentence will be telegraphically backward.

The disk is completely under the control of the students. It can be rotated as slowly as desired; or it can be so rapidly turned that its curious sentence will be received at the sounder with a speed that would open the eyes of a good operator. Moreover, the message on the disk is transmitted with a distinctness and faultlessness which the most perfect operator can never hope to attain. At first, but it is not long before the student learns one sentence forward and backward, and that the instrument is a good teacher only within very narrow limits. But this disk can be partially rotated forward and backward any number of times, in any place, so that the letter to be transmitted cannot possibly be anticipated. Thus the student learns how to receive a cipher message, the meaning of which he cannot know.

When sufficient proficiency has been obtained in receiving messages from the sounder, the student can learn to transmit messages in the regular method by means of the key which forms part of the apparatus.

## WORTH NEARLY A BILLION.

For Ten Years John D. Rockefeller's Income Has Been \$30,000,000 a Year.

The statement has been published in New York upon the authority of a Wall street banker, who has close business relationship with the Standard Oil Company, that John D. Rockefeller's wealth is now nearly \$1,000,000,000. The following table of the oil king's holdings is given:

Standard Oil stock, \$300,000,000; United States steel stock, \$75,000,000; Unamalgamated Copper, \$50,000,000; American Sugar, \$20,000,000; gas com-



BILLIONAIRE ROCKEFELLER.

panies in Greater New York, \$85,000,000; gas companies in other cities, \$50,000,000; railway securities, \$200,000,000; industrial and miscellaneous, \$150,000,000; realty, \$15,000,000. Total, \$1,045,000,000.

The banker is quoted as saying: "I don't think any man will deny that Mr. Rockefeller has made an average of \$30,000,000 a year for ten years. The reinvestment of this sum alone, supposing he had no principal, at 5 per cent compound interest, would mean the addition of more than \$400,000,000 to his riches."

"His Standard Oil holdings in three or four years have doubled in market value; his railway and other securities have advanced tremendously, and in the past three years his wealth has increased to a sum which would astonish the American people if the actual figures were laid before them."

## HOW TO SECURE HAPPINESS.

Author of "Heavenly Twins" Expresses Her Opinion.

To an audience assembled in St. George's Hall, Miss Sarah Grand, who quite recently addressed herself to the alluring subject of "mere man," discoursed upon the above theme, which furnished her with not a few opportunities for satirical but on the whole good-humored comment on human and social follies and foibles.

Mrs. Grand is a fluent and voluble lecturer, whose rapidly expressed utterance would paralyze the efforts of the most expert stenographer, but, in the main, her monograph resolved itself into an optimistic reply to Mr. Mallock's time-worn, confounding, "Is life worth living?" At the same time her observation of things and people does not always lead her into rosyate paths of idealism. Thus, on the subject of men's kindness—as distinct from women's she lays it down that "it is more often the expression of their own satisfaction than the outcome of a desire to please." On the other hand, she concludes that men understand the

art of happiness far better than women.

There is nothing new or startling in the proposition that "there is joy to be found in congenial work, just as in congenial play," but Mrs. Grand's sly remark that people derive solace from the disagreeable business of getting up early on a cold morning from the idea of superiority they can assume for the rest of the day is not without humor. The highest forms of happiness, she declared, are easily attained. "The simple hospitality offered with grace and affection gives far more pleasure than the magnificent entertainments of the rich, whose imprudence and self-satisfaction are only equaled by the irritation they excite in their guests." Indeed, according to this lady novelist, "in smart society there is no such thing as 'noblesse oblige.'" Furthermore, she is of opinion that, although the art of happiness is still in its infancy, "everybody knows how to be disagreeable," and that one great cause of unhappiness is "our indifference to the happiness of others."

Mrs. Grand pleaded, not a little eloquently, for "harmonious surroundings" as being among the makings of happiness in life. In the home one should avoid the trumpery and the tawdry, and be content to have about one a few good, beautiful things. It was no surprise to learn from her lips that every girl ought to be encouraged to work and become independent, and her description of marriage as "the most arduous of all professions for a woman" must be reckoned among the lecturer's most effective epigrams.—London Telegraph.

## FAMOUS WESTERN PREACHER.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Is a Power in the Christian Ministry of Chicago.

One of the most famous preachers in the West is Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas, of Chicago, pastor of the People's Church. More than twenty-one years ago Dr. Thomas was deposed as a preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His views were first criticized as being unorthodox, and at the Rock River conference he was asked to withdraw from the church, which he



REV. DR. H. W. THOMAS.

refused to do. His trial for heresy was ordered, based upon three counts. The first was unbelief in the inspiration of the Bible; the second was of heterodox teachings as to the doctrine of atonement; and the third was as to the endless punishment of lost souls. He was condemned on the last two counts, but the vote was close.

With the church closed to him Dr. Thomas was not without a strong following, and his next sermon was preached to these from the stage of Hooley's Theater. This was the beginning of the People's Church, which now fills McVicker's Theater every Sunday morning, and whose influences have been widening for more than a score of years. Dr. Thomas is in his seventieth year. He to-day is one of the most liberal of Christian teachers. He is reaching out for men, irrespective of creed. He often says: "When I first began to preach we preachers were fighting each other so hard we had no strength left with which to fight the devil."

In the pulpit Dr. Thomas is a striking figure. His speech is slow and measured. He has no tricks of oratory, no gesticulations, nothing theatrical. Only as he warms to his subject his speech quickens and his voice rises in his earnestness. His sermons are clear, lucid, and finished, and when one has gone out from his church he finds that he has absorbed a lesson.

How They Met. Bennett Burleigh, the English war correspondent, is authority for the following strange story: One day last autumn two officers, newly arrived from different parts of up-country, met at Cape Town. Rather lonely and a good deal bored, they scraped acquaintance and found one another agreeable. When the dinner-hour came they agreed to dine together.

The keen edge of appetites having been taken off by a good dinner, the senior officer became a trifle more expansive.

"Do you know," said he, "I rather like you, and there's something about you that seems familiar, as if we had met before. I am Maj. S. of the—"

There was an unbroken scene as the two khaki-clad warriors sprang to the feet and bowed each other on the back—which is the British way of falling on the neck and weeping. They had not met for years, and the long brother had meantime sprouted into a tall youth with an incipient mustache.

## Birds as Model Diplomats.

The Pope is a great admirer and friend of birds. In his library and in the alcoves of his reception room a number of them are kept, and their chatter always interests the Pontiff. "You see," he once said to a foreign minister who had called to pay his respects, "these birds are my diplomats. Whenever I receive anyone here he can only make a report as to my amiability, and can seldom understand my words, because the chatter of these songsters drowns all that I say. The visitor often cannot tell whether I have even spoken."

## Biscuits.

Young Bride-Why, Charles, you don't seem to be eating anything this morning. And I got up early to make these biscuits for you, too.

Charles—No, dear. I don't feel at all hungry this morning, to tell the truth. Your biscuits are very nice, indeed. By the way, I wonder if there are of those dog biscuits left that I bought for Nero on Friday?—Somerville Journal.

## ESSENTIALS OF AN ORATOR.

Senator Hoar Advises Latin or Greek Translations on Two Points.

In the opinion of Senator Hoar, the two most important things that a young man can do to make himself a good public speaker are: 1. Constant and careful written translations from Latin or Greek into English. 2. Practice in a good debating society.

It has been said that all the greatest parliamentary orators of England are either men whom Lord North saw, or men who saw Lord North—that is, men who were conspicuous as public speakers in Lord North's youth, his contemporaries and the men who saw him as an old man when they were young themselves, says the Senator in Scribner's. This would include Holbrooke and would come down to the year of Lord John Russell's birth. So we should have to add a few names, especially Gladstone, Disraeli, John Bright and Palmerston. There is no great parliamentary orator in England since Gladstone died. I once a good many years ago looked at the biographies of the men who belonged to that period who were famous as great orators in the Parliament or in court, to find if I could the secret of their power. With the exception of Lord Bunsen and of John Bright, I believe every one of them trained himself by careful and constant translation from Latin or Greek and frequented a good debating society in his youth.

Brougham trained himself for extemporaneous speaking in the Speculative Society, the greater theater of debate for the University of Edinburgh. He also improved his English style by translations from Greek, among which is his well-known version of the "Oration on the Crown."

Canning's attention while at Eton was strongly turned to extemporaneous speaking. They had a debating society, in which the Marquis of Wellesley and Charles, Earl Grey had been trained before him, in which they had all the forms of the House of Commons—speaker, treasury benches and an opposition. Canning also was disciplined by the art of translation.

## MRS. STUDEBAKER MCKEOWN.

Who Recently Brought a Suit for a Divorce.

Mrs. Dorothy Studenaker McKeown, who recently sued her husband, Scott A. McKeown, for divorce, alleging cruelty and failure to provide, is the daughter of the wealthy wagon manufacturer of South Bend, Ind. She was married to McKeown in May, 1900, in San Francisco. The wedding was one of the grandest affairs ever seen on the coast. Young McKeown was just 22 when he was married. Six months thereafter he had spent all of his inheritance of \$1,000,000, and he is now penniless. Mrs. McKeown, when her husband's last cent had been squandered, adopted the stage, where her talent and her beauty made her a success. As a wedding present she received from her faithful husband a necklace that cost \$50,000, and about \$100,000 in pearls and diamonds. The night before the wedding young McKeown made known his joy by flinging \$20 gold pieces to a crowd. His father, the late John McKeown, was one of the largest manufacturers in Pennsylvania and left an estate of \$10,000,000.

## Primitive Agricultural Methods.

There is no market in Southern China for American harvesting machinery. The agricultural land is divided into small holdings, many of which are not over an acre in size, and very few running over ten acres. Every available inch of land is under cultivation, and the planting and rearing is all done by hand; where plows are used they are of home manufacture and are as primitive as those of Biblical times. The majority of the peasantry live at the rate of from two to five cents a day, and even if they could afford to purchase modern American farm machinery there would be no room to use it. The nearest thing to such machinery is a handmill, which is easily constructed by the ingenious Chinaman. The grain is either trod out of the straw by the water bullocks or whipped over an open tub. Even if an entire village should combine to buy an American thrashing machine, it would be used but once, as it would be considered too wasteful both in the way it mangles the straw and the grain and in its expensive upkeep. In Southern China there are no horses except the diminutive China pony, and as the agricultural country is mostly flat, there is no way to utilize water power. As for steam, it is an impossibility, fuel being one of the most expensive Chinese luxuries.

## Healthy Island.

A physician who has lived for twenty-seven years in Tasmania ascribes the healthfulness of that island, where, according to his testimony, consumption and bronchitis are almost unknown, in large part to the influence of the eucalyptus trees, whose odor is everywhere apparent. The volatile essence of the eucalyptus oil appears to have an aseptic effect upon deleterious germs of all kinds. The trees sometimes attain great size. One that has been measured is 230 feet high, and some are said to attain a height of 400 feet. The climate of Tasmania is also exceptionally fine, with much sunshine and a very pure air.

## Voltage for a Veline Chorus.

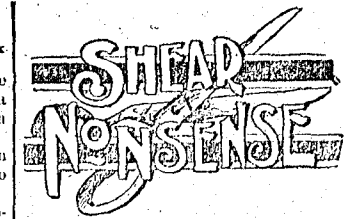
An East Brooklyn man with an electrical turn of mind has lined his backyard fence with wires connected with an induction coil. He presses the button and the current does the rest. The voltage is not sufficient to kill the cats, but they never come back. The cat owners in the neighborhood, however, are protesting against his "cruelty."

## Value of Minnesota Farm Land.

Minnesota farm lands have advanced more than 100 per cent in value during the past seven years.

## Some People Love Soulful Eyes.

We believe we prefer blue.



## STEEP NONSENSE.

"In what way did he lose his self-possession?" "Very simply. He gave himself away."—Philadelphia Times.

Jack—And did she make a fool of you? Arthur—It was worse than that. She let me make one of myself.—Puck.

"Am I—I am the only one who ever loved?" "Oh, did he?" "Why, don't you believe me?" "Oh, yes. I believe you."—Brooklyn Life.

Mrs. Peppery—My first husband had a great deal more sense than you have. Mr. Peppery—True enough—he died.—Harper's Magazine.

Coro—Do you believe in palmistry? Meritt—No, my dear. The only time I was glad to find a life line in any hand was when I was shipwrecked.—Town Topics.

Mistress (to servant)—Be careful not to spill any soup on the ladies' laps. Biddy (new in the service)—Yes, mum, where shall I spill it?—Glasgow Evening Times.

Ice-man—The girl sez you don't want ice from me no more, lady. Mrs. Newblow—No—er—your ice doesn't seem to be as cold as it ought to be.—Philadelphia Press.

Teacher—Anonymous means without a name. Write a sentence showing you understand how to use the word. Small Girl (writes)—Our new baby's anonymous.—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. W.—I didn't know that Mr. B. had a title. Mr. W.—Neither did I. What is it? Mrs. W.—Well, his servant says that everything comes addressed James B. C. O. D."

A Just Judge. Judge—And your wife aimed at and struck your head with a cup? Witness—Yes, sir. Judge—Well, all I have to say is that you ought to be very proud of her.—Tit-Bits.

Winbleton—Hello, old man, have you taught your dog any new tricks lately? Quimbleton—Yes, I've been teaching him to cut out of my hand. He ate a big piece out of it yesterday.—Fun.

"I suppose your baby sister cries some?" asked one of the neighbors. "Cries?" said Mary; "why, she just seems to look on the dark side of things all the time."—Youth's Companion.

"Papa, what is a king?" "A king, my child, is a person whose authority is practically unlimited, whose word is law, and whom everybody must obey." "Papa, is mamma a king?"—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Van Blumer—Billon tells me his wife hates the sea, and he has just bought a yacht so he can have some pleasure by himself. Mrs. Van Blumer—That's mean of him, isn't it? "Yes. But it only goes to show what money can do for a man."—Life.

"Dear me," said Mr. Meekins; "it seems so absurd for men to be constantly talking about their wives having the last word. I never object to my wife having the last word." "You don't?" "Not a bit. I always feel thankful when she gets to it."

Being asked his age, a colored citizen in a village near Atlanta replied: "Well, sah, I some ober dan dat pine tree yander; I'll bit younger dan dat live oak by de gate; 'en not quite so ol' ez de house whar I living at. I ain't much on figgers myself, but you kin count up 'en see!"

A Reasonable Conductor. Picky—And just because you had lost your ticket the conductor made you get off the car and walk all the way home? Blinky—Oh, no. He only put me off. I could have sat by the roadside all night if I had wanted to.—Baltimore World.

"Stripes are quite the thing this year," suggested the tailor. The attorney started nervously, but quickly recovered himself. "I think," he said, endeavoring to speak carelessly, "that something in the nature of a check would be more in my line."—Chicago Evening Post.

Magistrate—Now, my boy, you are on your oath. Do you know what that means? Witness—Er—no, sir; not exactly. Magistrate—Do you know what you're expected to tell? Witness (promptly)—Oh, yes, sir; the lawyer that brought me here wrote it all down so's I could learn it off by heart.

An Encouraging Start. "William," said the lady of the house, "will you mail these invitations for me the first thing this morning?" "Going to give a party?" "I have engaged a new kitchen girl for the first of next week, and I thought I would show her that we start with no ill-feeling by giving a pink tea for her Monday afternoon."—Indianapolis News.

A very young couple in Southwest Georgia called on a colored minister and offered him a string of fish to marry them. Said the minister: "A mighty positive dat both er you is too young ter marry, but den—you looks a heap older dan what you is—en fudernore, ef dey is one thing I wants partickler fer dinner dis day it is fish. So, jine hands!" Atlanta Constitution.

"I have a great mind to go to the political club to-night," said Mr. J. to his wife. "What?" she replied, with surprise. "I have a great mind to go to the club to-night." "Where?" she asked. "Where what?" "Where a great mind?" "Why, my own, of course, madam." "Oh," and the rising infection she gave the ejaculation was very provoking to a man of fine feeling.—Syracuse Herald.

## True Love.

"Well, I'm on the lookout for an other girl."

"Ah, then Miss Pechis has turned you down?" "Oh, no. She accepted me last night, but the ring I had was too small for her. I've got to find a girl fit to fill it."—Philadelphia Press.

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## IF YOU SHOULD FROWN.

If you should frown,  
Though all the world should smile,  
What cause of grief could drown,  
What joys beguile?  
Sad skies would weep,  
The sun be clouded o'er,  
And would in darkness keep  
Until you frowned no more.

If you should smile,  
Though all the world should frown,  
In what a little while  
Would care die down!  
Laughter would rise,  
And ripple round the earth,  
And the transfigured skies  
Exit and shine in mirth.  
—G. Leeson-Gower in Westminster Gazette.

## The Mad Elephant of Mysore.

Day dawned behind the far-off peaks of the Western Ghats, and here, after breakfast, had come Rampa Singh and his guests. The Hindu was squatting on the ground, sucking the stem of his cherry-wood pipe. Near by, with his hands in the pockets of his linen jacket, lounged Matthew Quin. Both were fixedly regarding a couple of half-grown panthers—superb specimens of their kind—that were chained to rings set in the wall.

"I will give you 500 rupees for the pair," declared Quin. "There was no answer. 'Two hundred and seventy-five,' he added. 'Three hundred. It is a tempting price.'"

The zemindar wagged his gray beard negatively. "You have not money enough to buy my panthers," he said.

Quin lit his pipe with a show of indifference, to hide his disappointment. "How shall I persuade the old man?" he reflected, as he countered toward the pretty beasts. They bounded the length of their tether, snarling and spitting.

"Be careful, sahib," warned the Hindu, rising. "Come, let me take you over the village while air is cool and refreshing."

A sudden clamor broke on their ears. Alarmed by the excited shouting and outcry, they ran down the little street of huts and gardens. As they drew near the end of the street they saw two grass-cutters who had gone forth to their daily labors dash, panting and breathless, through the open gateway. Close behind them loomed a huge, gray form, and the next instant, barely in time, a massive hand had shut and barred the doze timber gate.

While the terrified grass-cutters were striving to tell of their pursuit and narrow escape, Quin and the zemindar mounted a lookout platform to the left of the gateway. Almost directly beneath them in the act of charging the gates, stood a male elephant of monstrous size, with long yellow tusks. At sight of the two heads the brute lifted its trunk and uttered a belching scream of rage. Then instead of attacking, he turned and plunged into the dense thicket of timber and vegetation that bordered the path.

A clanking noise accompanied his retreat, and it could be seen, as he vanished, that a rusty shackle and a yard of chain were attached to his left hind foot.

"By jove, it's the mad elephant—the mankilling rogue—from Mysore!" cried Quin.

"The sahib is right!" whispered Rampa Singh. "Alas, what a misfortune has come upon my people!"

"The mad elephant of Mysore, originally the property of the government, had been at large, for five years, destroying houses, crops, and numerous lives."

"He will give us no rest," bemoaned Rampa Singh. "He did not go far, sahib—the crashing of the undergrowth ceased almost at once. He is just inside the jungle, waiting for victims. The evil beast! He will lurk about here for weeks, for months. Brahma, preserve us!"

An idea had taken root in Quin's mind when he descended from the platform with the zemindar, who had urged the natives, bade Jahan keep the gates fastened, and gave orders that no person should pass out of the village that day. Then he tottered back to his house and sank into a heap of cushions.

"You must have the brute killed," remarked Quin, as he puffed complacently at his pipe.

"Soul of Brahma!" cried Rampa Singh. "How is it to be done? My men are armed only with matchlocks. And they are cowards. Quin, sahib, you are a mighty shikaree—rid me of this pest."

"For a consideration, yes," "I will sell you the panthers for 300 rupees."

"Not much you won't. I'll tell you what I will do though. I'll give you 150 rupees for your pet and agree to shoot the rogue elephant in the bargain."

After some haggling the crafty old Hindu accepted the offer.

A few minutes later Naryan, the native shikaree who had accompanied Quin to Harikar was smuggled over the rear wall of the village. He was the bearer of a letter addressed to Carruthers and his instructions were to hasten with all speed to the camp.

Darkness fell and by degrees the people dwindled away to their beds, leaving Jahan, the watchman, to keep lonely vigil by the light of his flaming fire. This was a matter of course. Gates and walls were much too strong to be forced by even a mad elephant, and Rampa Singh and his guest, doubly protected within the stockade, went to sleep with untroubled minds.

The night wore on peacefully until about two o'clock, when of a sudden the silence was shattered by a single, blood-curdling scream of anguish. Quin, roused from slumber, seized his rifle and hurried to the veranda. He was joined here by the zemindar and several of the servants, and they listened for a moment to the tumult. A pounding began on the stockade, and a voice called loudly:

"Help! help! master! The gates are wide open and the elephant is within the village. He has killed Jahan and is attacking our homes."

"How came the gates open?" cried Rampa Singh. "Sahib, this is surely a deed of treachery."

"We won't stop to talk of that now," Quin exclaimed. "Come, we must protect your people."

The zemindar was pale with fear and his teeth were chattering, but he dared not admit his cowardice to the English-

man. He shouldered his rifle and followed. They unbarred the stockade gate, slipped through, and pushed down the street. The din and clamor were increasing, and by the faint glow of the moon the terrified natives, men, women and children, were seen fleeing for their lives. Quin stopped abruptly.

"I must go back—I have forgotten my cartridges," he said. "I will catch you up in a moment."

With all speed he returned to the house, and having found and strapped on his bandolier, he was passing the door of Rampa Singh's bed-chamber when he heard within a soft footstep and a clinking, metallic noise. A shrewd suspicion flashed upon him, and he noiselessly entered the room. A small, brass-bound chest, on the open lid of which a ray of moonlight glimmered, first attracted his attention. Then, detecting a rustling sound behind him, he swung around in time to see the sparkle of an uplifted knife. His quickness was all that saved him from death. Then he felt a bony hand tighten on his throat.

Next moment Quin found himself pinned down in a corner, and, losing his grip on the hand in which his assailant still retained the knife, he believed that his last moment was near.

But, just then, fortunately, three of the zemindar's servants dashed into the apartment with a light. There was a brief outcry and scuffle, which ended, with the Englishman's aid, in his enemy being overpowered and secured. It was with no surprise that Quin recognized the prisoner as Gooroo Khan, the zemindar's favorite and confidential servant.

"Guard the scoundrel well," he directed. "And pick up your master's money from the floor."

With that he seized his rifle and was gone. Uproar pervaded the village, and most of the people had sought shelter. Only half a dozen matchlockmen were holding the ground half-way down the street, and Rampa Singh was exhorting them to creep closer the fire.

"Give me a chance," cried Quin. As he spoke, the matchlockmen, who were not to be urged any further, let fly a thunderous, staggering volley. The next instant they had dropped their weapons and scattered right and left.

While Rampa Singh was scrambling like a scared cat into the branches of a peepal tree, the elephant, who had probably been hit by one or more of the musket balls, swung his trunk, blew a defiant blast, and charged through the drifting powder smoke. With a steady hand Quin fired two shots, but his light rifle failed to stop the brute, and he turned and ran. He slipped between two huts, doubled back, and stopped in joyous amazement at the sight of two familiar figures—Carruthers and the shikaree, Naryan.

It was not a time for words. The new arrivals were armed with heavy guns, and the one borne by the shikaree was instantly transferred to Quin. The elephant had halted to demolish a hut, but at once he discovered the men and galloped toward them with a scream of rage.

"Steady!" said Quin. "It won't do to miss."

Carruthers fired but the report had apparently no effect; through the smoke loomed the charging bulk of infuriated flesh and bone. Quin emptied his rifle, and as he leaped out of the hut he knew that the bullet had gone home. With the roar of the gun, the great brute staggered, dropped to his knees, and then crashed over on one side.

"It's lucky you arrived when you did with those pea-shooters," said Quin. "They were badly needed, old man."

"I knew they would be," Carruthers replied. "So I started as soon as I got your message."

This terminated the career of the rogue elephant of Coorg. Gooroo Khan, in due course received his just dues from the law, confessing to his crime, in which the watchman was a sharer. The motive was the money paid to the zemindar by Quin, and it was to have been stolen by Gooroo Khan during the panic caused by the elephant, whom Jahan had agreed to let into the village. The crafty brute was doubtless waiting close outside and dashed in so quickly when the gates were opened that the unfortunate but guilty man could not escape. As for Gooroo Khan, the credit for his undoing rested with Quin—William Murray Graydon, in *Unique Monthly*.

An English Clairvoyant Story.

Dr. Abraham Wallace of Harley street relates a curious story concerning the death of the late Mr. P. L. Foxwell, the stock broker of Thames Ditton, whose body was found in the river six weeks after his disappearance. On the night before he was missing, Mr. Foxwell visited his aged mother at Finsbury Park, and the old lady's parting words were: "Oh, Percy, do take care; I feel as if something is going to happen to you to-night."

The lecturer explained that, being a lady interested in psychic matters, Mrs. Foxwell last year visited a clairvoyant, who told her that she would be a widow within twelve months. After her husband's disappearance she consulted another clairvoyant, and although not possessed of psychic powers, she saw in the crystal her husband's drowned body. In the drawing room at Ditton Lawn some of the party were positive that the dead man's spirit form was present. Subsequently letters from the dead man were read, and after his body had been found a communication from him was received in which he stated that "as his dead body had been found, he did not wish to give any further particulars about himself, as it would greatly upset his dear wife." In conclusion, he said that nearly every one of the incidents predicted by the clairvoyant had been verified—a fact that Mrs. Foxwell and others would willingly testify to if asked.—*London Chronicle*.

Wise Wit.

If a man will turn his back on fortune in contempt she will begin to woo him. But by the time a man can act thus Fortune has nothing to give him that he cares for.

It is much easier to let a thing go than to make it go.

There is more to be learned by listening than by talking, that is why the majority of us learn so little.

Competition is the life of trade, but often death to the trader.

Honesty is often the impediment which the successful man has cast behind him, and to that his success is due.—*New York Sun*.

What some people call repentance other people call squabbling.



## COMING MEN.

A dreaming schoolboy of to-day wished time might turn the other way, and bring the quaint, old-fashioned rule When wise Ben Franklin went to school, And find the clever schoolboys, too, That Franklin, Jay and Adams knew. He wished his school-days had begun For they were boys. Time heard him say, Worth making friends of, any day.

Old Father Time looked kindly down, And smiled away the dreamer's frown. "How do you know?" said he, "that they Were wiser than your boys to-day? How do you know, my lad, but you Already know a boy or two Of sturdy brain and steady eye, Who shall be Franklins by and by? Or others, quick to take the lead, Who may be Adams, indeed? How many boys you know and see Shall Otises and Marshalls be? Who knows? Your comrade, later on, May be another Washington. So, fear you not, at school or play, To greet the boys that live to-day. As the proud lads you wish to know, Who lived a hundred years ago."

—Youth's Companion.

A BOY'S KINDNESS.

Some time since an interesting incident came to my notice in Liverpool, England. A street-car was coming toward me at rapid speed, and in the center of the track stood a miserable specimen of a kitten as I ever saw. At the same time a messenger boy came down the street, whistling merrily. His bright eyes lighted on the miserable kitten in her dangerous position; he ran to the track, took the kitten in his arms and carried her to the sidewalk, where he placed her gently on a doorstep. Then went on his way whistling cheerily.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

WAYS OF TELLING TIME.

From our Philippine possessions has come an account of a primitive device for recording time which deserves a place among the long list of contrivances for that purpose. It is used by the natives during certain sports. They bore a hole in the bottom of the coconut shell, and let it fill with water. At a certain point it suddenly drops to the bottom of the basin. This calls "time" to the natives.

Many were the plans for recording flight of the hours before the coming of the clock. The most famous was the hour-glass, which was made of various sizes and capable of recording with tolerable accuracy the most given interval of time, although seldom one greater than an hour.

This system of keeping time was so long in use as to give to the solemn warning, "As the sands in the glass, so our life doth pass," which the poet has more picturesquely than it would be to say, "Like the ticking of a Waterbury watch."

The burning of candles was another favorite device. Lines were drawn at different elevations for the fractional division of the period, which the candle recorded. There was also a very ingenious water-clock, which is even now occasionally seen in museums. The sundial, for marking true astronomical time, was much in use in early days. It told nothing in cloudy weather, and its accuracy except on a few days in the year. Its accuracy at other times would be a varying quantity.

There is no surer test of an industrial civilization than the general desire to do the time of day. The late Henry Drummond told of carrying a watch to a great chief in the interior of Africa, as a present, thinking it would be greatly prized. To the chief it was simply a mechanical toy. He cared nothing for knowing the time of day.—*Youth's Companion*.

A GIGANTIC BEEHIVE.

Texas is a state of such magnitude and of so many wonders, that one is scarcely surprised to read in the *St. Nicholas* of a natural beehive there, in which tons of honey are stored.

One of the most wonderful spots in the world, it is said, says Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron, is the famous "Devil's Punch Bowl," as the natives prefer to call it, in Valverde County, Texas, which borders on the Rio Grande. Its discoverers noticed, as they came within a couple of miles of it, what appeared to be a cloud of smoke constantly rising from a spot in the valley below them, and when they came nearer they heard a rushing sound as of a great waterfall. It proved to be nothing more or less than a gigantic beehive, a hole in the ground forty feet in diameter, from which were rising and into which were descending innumerable swarms of bees. This, then, was the cause of the distant appearance of rising smoke, accompanied by the loud hum of countless insect wings.

Those who have ventured to visit this curious cave since its discovery, protecting themselves from the stings of the bees by mosquito-netting or otherwise, as they look down into the yawning cavity, observe, clinging to its sides, great festoons of honeycomb. Opening into the large cavity can be seen many smaller ones, which it is reasonable to suppose contain additional stores of honey in their dark recesses; for bees love darkness. If a method could be devised to secure the contents of this great treasure house of honey, several tons of the sweet product would be the probable outcome. But this cave, large and well filled as it is, contains but a small part of the honeyed treasures with which these valleys abound.

In that far southern latitude the winters are so mild that the bees can gather honey through the whole year. In the summer they obtain it from the endless variety of flowers which bloom in those fertile valleys, and in the winter from sweet sacca-pears and berries of many sorts. The bees store the honey thus gathered in hollow trees and small cliffs of rock, but chiefly in caves, some of which are easily accessible while others can be reached only by means of ropes let down from heights above. The country is so rough that the hunter must leave his pack-pony or burro at a long distance, and must find his tollsome way on foot, carrying the ropes by which to obtain his honey. For this and other reasons, our bee-farmers will have little cause to fear competition from the wild honey of that wonderful region, at least for many years to come.

It might be supposed that these bees, in the *Devil's Punch Bowl*, were the same as the bees which collect and store the honey on the stores collected in former years. But a blind instinct prompts them to continue their labor as steadily as if they were entirely destitute.

How much it is to be expected that the men who go on piling up wealth long after they have lived by enough to sup-

port themselves and their families in comfort! So, though my fable, our story ends with a moral.

## A MILITARY SCHOOL.

In the West End of London there is a great building called the Duke of York's Military School; and here the passers-by may peep through the railings and see hundreds of boys, in red coats, not very old and not very big, playing about or being drilled in the courtyard. These are the Duke of York's boys, as they are called. Most of them are the sons of soldiers who have lost their lives while fighting their country's battles. The son of many a hero, whose name can be read in history and whose brave deeds live in the memory of his comrades, finds a home at this great school. These orphan lads are very proud of being the sons of soldiers; and they look forward eagerly to the day when they, too, may serve their country with brave and faithful hearts.

The Duke of York's boys are taught everything that will help them to be good soldiers. Of course, they have to go to school, to learn to read and write and do arithmetic, like other boys of their age; but they do not spend such a long time in school over books and slates, and for many hours every day they are out in the courtyard, getting health and strength by their drill exercises.

The boys have a real band of their own, and buglers, drummers and fifers, who march at the head of the regiment and play splendid tunes. It is a grand thing to be a bugler. He has a beautiful brass instrument which he carries across his shoulders, fastened to a green cord and tassel. When all the boys are being drilled together, the band stands by the side of the column, and when the officer gives a command, the bugler blows certain notes on his bugle which can be heard by every one and which every one understands. Supposing, for instance, the boys were taking part in a battle, and the officer ordered them to charge the enemy. He would speak to the bugler; and then, in a moment, would come ringing bugle notes, which all the boys would know to mean "Charge!" On Sundays, when the boys are assembled in the courtyard, they are inspected by their officers before going to church, it is a fine sight to see them all marching up in their best uniforms. At the head of the band walks the drum-major. He is a little fellow, with chubby cheeks, but he wears a grand uniform, and carries a tall stick twice as long as himself, called a "baton." He steps out proudly, beating time with this stick with magnificent flourishes. I do not suppose the Emperor of Russia or the Sultan of Turkey is so full of pride as this little drum-major of the Duke of York's.

The chief of the Duke of York's School is a gentleman named Colonel Forrest. This gallant officer once had part of one of his lungs shot away during a battle. The shot was so exacted, and he carried a memento on the chateau of Mrs. Forrest. The next officer in command is Captain Thomas; and no one is more beloved by the boys, who look upon him as a hero. Perhaps the next person in importance is a portly, round gentleman who generally wears a long wig and a white calico cap. This jolly-looking personage is the cook. He was a soldier before he became a cook, and a row of medals on his breast shows that he played a brave part in the famous fought long years ago.—*Cassell's Little Folks*.

MICHIGAN'S BLIND BARBER.

Sharpness of Hearing Makes Up For His Lack of Vision.

In Detroit, Mich., there is a barber who is stone blind, yet does a thriving business in spite of his inability to see. Edward Max, proprietor of the Cadillac barber shop, during his blindness, which lasted for seven years, has managed his business entirely by touch and hearing.

One would think that even customers of longest standing would hesitate before going to a man who could not see, but Mr. Max has not only not lost any of his old customers, but has added many new ones to his trade since he lost his sight.

Mr. Max is a young looking, pleasant-faced man, who carries out his appearance in his disposition. He was quite ready to describe the way in which he carries on his business, in spite of his great handicap.

"I can tell whereabouts in the shop my men are and what they are doing just as easily as though I were looking at them all," he said, good naturedly. "I know them all by their step, and when they move I can tell where they go. Every man, as you know, has an individual walk, just as he has an individual temperament, and as the different barbers in my shop walk about the marble floor I know whether it is 'Jimmy' who is nervous, or George, who is slow and very careful. It is, of course, hard to tell whether a man's hair or beard is being cut, the ring of the shears being very different in each case."

"I can tell when a man is being shaved by the scrape of the razor, and sometimes I go on whether the beard is a stiff or a soft one."

"When a man is having an egg shampoo I hear the eggshell cracked and the egg beaten and I hear the customer go to the fountain afterward to wash his head."

"This may seem a little farfetched, but everything done in a barber shop has some very characteristic sound, and if you had been in the hair cutting business as long as I have you would recognize these movements and sounds as I do."

"I can tell just about what the day's business has been and what we ought to have made. My daughter is the cashier, and when she is away I make the change myself. I can tell all the coins by the feeling, but, of course, I do not know one bill from another, and I never attempt to make change for anything but a one dollar bill."—*Chicago Inter Ocean*.

Drives Bullocks Tandem in Paris.

Paris has had a glimpse of something more bizarre than the automobile. It is a team of bullocks driven tandem by Laura Rienza, a Brazilian heiress. They answer the bit as any horse, and can trot and lift their fore feet as smartly as the best trained colts. And, too, they carry their heads high, as their animals which are held to be worth \$5,000 each. They are full grown, being five years old, and one of their many virtues is that nothing visible along the boulevards of the city has been able to make them shy.

While this Brazilian heiress is doing stunts in Paris a Parisienne, Mme. Renjane, is creating something of a mild sensation in London. Daily her splendid team of Andalusian mules takes her to and from her hotel and theatre. They were given to her by the King of Portugal and are said to be worth \$2,000.

## RICH MAN QUEER HERMIT.

FOREVER CLOSING DOOR THROUGH WHICH DEAD MOTHER PASSED.

Hides Away Rare Treasures—Simpleton. Possessed of Wealth, Greatly Vexes His Curious Neighbors in a Little Town "Down East" in Maine.

The fact that Charles Oakes, of West Hampden, Me., always enters and leaves his home through a window instead of through the door is not the only peculiar thing about the man, and his actions are a continual source of interest to the neighbors.

A few years ago Oakes was a healthy, bright young farmer, living with his mother in one of the largest and finest farms in eastern Maine. He still has the farm and its buildings, but the old mother lies in the churchyard, and Charles, who shortly before her death fell from a load of hay, striking on his head, is a simpleton, and leads an aimless and indolent life.

A short time after the accident, which robbed Oakes of his energy and ambition, his mother died. It was four days before the neighbors knew of her death, and even then the son did not realize it. One stormy night he knocked at the door of a neighbor, and said that his mother was acting queerly—she had gone to sleep four days ago, and he could not awaken her. The neighbor went to the house and found the old lady sitting bolt upright in her chair, with her knitting in her hands, and a smile on her face. She was, apparently, gazing into the fireplace, but she was stone dead.

At the funeral, when the bearers took up the casket and reached the door, the dead woman's son remonstrated violently, pitifully.

"Where were they taking his mother?" She was not dead, he said, but only sleeping, as she had often done in her old willow rocker before the fire. Kind friends led him away, and the body was carried out.

As they passed out with the casket he cried with strange emotion: "No one else shall ever pass through that door!" And no one ever has.

Oakes kept all the doors of the house locked, and the front door, not only locked, but barred. When he left or entered the house it was always through a window. When any one calls at the house Oakes will cautiously raise the window and ask what is wanted, but he will admit no one. Everything that goes into or comes out of the house passes through the same window which he uses as a door, and never since the day of his mother's funeral has any human being crossed the threshold, which he regards as sacred.

It is the mystery of Charles Oakes' wealth; however, that most engages the imaginations and the tongues of the Hampden people. Well-to-do himself when misfortune overtook him, he has since been made wealthy by the will of a brother who died in the West. This brother was a man of refined tastes as well as of wealth, for in addition to money, stocks and bonds, he bequeathed to Charles a valuable collection of bric-a-brac, rare china and porcelain and costly carpets.

The "cups an' sassers an' see things" the neighbors have seen, but what has become of the money and securities that Oakes is known to have received no one knows and no one can find out. It is thought by some that these valuables may be deposited in some bank, but the general belief is that the simple-minded fellow has buried them somewhere on the farm or concealed them in a crevice in the old farm house.

The fame of the Oakes collection of bric-a-brac and curios long ago spread to Bangor, and many ladies have visited the farm house in the hope of being able to purchase some of the articles. Liberal offers have been made for cups, vases, etc., and for the tall, old-fashioned clock that is a notable treasure of the collection, but the simple-minded farmer has refused them all, preferring to keep the things stowed away in the dusty attic, along with his mother's spinning wheel and the faded coat that his father wore in the war. Later, however, since the Bangor curios hunters have given up the quest, Oakes seems to have changed his mind, for every few days he comes into the village with a cup and saucer or some other bit of the collection in his pocket, offering to sell for a trifle, although he has no need of money.

Another peculiarity of Oakes is that, although his credit is good for thousands, he will not owe any man a cent over night. The other day he came into Hampden village and purchased provisions to the amount of \$3.27, and when he came to settle found that he had just \$3 in his pocket.

"Oh, well," said the storekeeper; "let that go till to-morrow; Charles—it'll be all right." But Charles would not do any such thing. He made the storekeeper take out a little from each package until the value was reduced to exactly \$3, and then he shouldered his bundles and trudged home.

He is by no means foolish, nor so incapacitated as to warrant the appointment of a guardian for him. "He's just a little queer," the villagers say. But they would like to know what he has done with his "money from out West"—that's what they would like to know.

The Latest "Craze."

At last there is something new under the sun. Fads and crazes and enthusiasms of many kinds have arisen and have swept through the world, whirling the most sedate off their feet. But never before has humanity seen a true "fich man's" craze for giving."

It has always been known that example, whether good or bad, is contagious. But who ever suspected that the example set by a few rich men a few years ago would develop such an intense rivalry in philanthropy among the very rich?

In this country the passion for giving to public purposes, especially for education, has always been strong. It began away back there when a few elegants got together and gave their libraries for the founding of Harvard College. It has shown itself in enormous public grants and enormous levies of taxes for schools, colleges, hospitals and the like. Also men and women have given generously of their much and little.

Therefore it is not surprising that as

soon as we developed a class of multimillionaires, giving should begin on the colossal scale. But even America is startled by this rising enthusiasm which threatens to make scores of our very rich men adopt as their motto Carnegie's "The man who dies rich dies disgraced."

The craze, starting in America, is spreading to Europe, and it is one of the kind of crazes which do not die away, but cease to seem or to be called crazes because they become a fixed part of the most admirable customs of mankind.—*New York World*.

CHANGING A RIVER'S FLOW.

Gunnison's Torrent to be Sent Through Mountains.

Diverting the Gunnison River by a great tunnel and a canal, through a mountain range, into a vast arid region, is the gigantic undertaking Colorado is about to assume in the construction of State Canal No. 3, says the *Denver Post*.

Provision for the preliminary work on the enterprise was made by the last Legislature, and during the past week the surveys were commenced. As Government territory as well as State land is expected to be benefited by the big irrigating scheme, the surveying will be done principally by Federal officers, subject to the approval of the State Engineer.

Two parties of engineers arrived on Monday last from Washington, and proceeded to the scene of the work. Chief Hydrographer Newell, of the United States Geological Survey, will be in charge and will direct the labors of the engineers until the construction begins.

The canal proper will be about twenty miles in length. It will start at a point on the Gunnison, in Eastern Montrose County, about ten miles below the mouth of the Cimarron River, and in what is known as the Black Canon, and according to the law is to extend in a westerly direction until the Uncompaghe River valley is reached.

A large reservoir will be located at the western end of the canal, and from it will extend laterals, the object of which is to reach all the arid lands of the valley, both in Delta and Montrose Counties. The State appropriated \$25,000 for the first two years' work, but that sum will be insignificant when compared to the total cost. The labor is to be performed by convicts from the penitentiary. It is held by those who understand the situation that in five years after the canal is completed the State will have been reimbursed for the entire expense, in the money it will receive from the sale of water rights and lands and the increased taxes resulting from a settlement of this wonderful valley. The Gunnison is the largest body of water in the State.

At the point where the canal is to connect with the flow is heavy the year round.

An immense amount of water can be taken out through the canal, it is claimed, without interfering in the least with irrigation beyond the town of Delta. The most expensive part of the work will be the tunnel, which is to be cut through the west wall of the Black Canon. This wall is of solid rock, in some places over 3,000 feet above the river and 5,000 feet through to the Vernal Mesa, where the main canal is to start.

The altitude here is 7,000 feet and at the point in the canon where the tunnel is to commence the height above sea level is about 8,000 feet. There will be an average of 2,800 feet of rock in the roof of the tunnel.

WELL-BRED MEXICANS.

They Are Very Tenacious of Class Distinctions.

The cultivated Mexican, priding himself on his "education," looks for its manifestation in the person who claims his friendship and intimacy. He insists on good breeding among his own people, or they may not pass his threshold; all the more is he likely to insist that the foreigner who would visit him be a man of polish and with the ability to say and do things the right way.

A Mexican of excellent family was saying to me the other day that going to an interior state he had